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CEREBUS

RICK'S STORY

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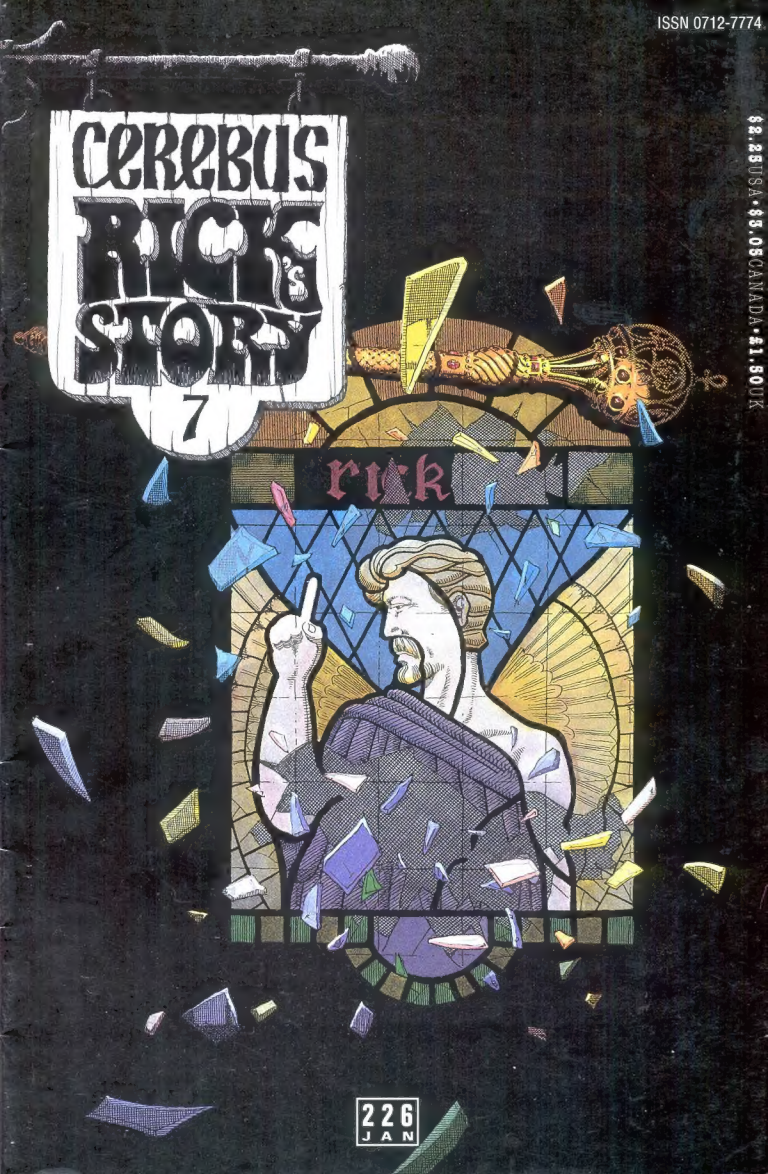

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JAN

E X C E R P T

From The Author's Preface To The First Edition

The following Introduction to the Talmud is the first attempt to give objective and scientific information concerning the whole of the Talmud and to lead into the study of this literary monument equally remarkable for its origin, compass, contents, and the authority which has been accorded to it. I have striven honestly to let myself be influenced neither by polemical nor by apologetic interests, but to serve the truth alone. I shall consider myself amply rewarded for my laborious work if I shall succeed to remove many a prejudice, whether with those who are unconditionally hostile to the Talmud or with its over-zealous admirers, and to pave the way for a more just and calm appraisal.

May 6, 1887

From The Foreword To The Fourth Edition

The third edition appeared some eight years ago and consisted of a reproduction by photographic process (except for a few addenda) of the second edition, which was published in 1894 and was for some time out of print. Because of other duties which claimed my entire time it was not possible for me to proceed to a new revision until now. This revision has turned out very thorough-going. The arrangement of the material has been made clearer. And the compass, in spite of the brevity of expression and the use of abbreviations, has been enlarged by three signatures; not only have I made additions and corrections in matters of detail but I have also inserted anew longer sections and augmented considerably bibliographical data in order to present to scholars, Christian as well as Jewish, a useful reference book. Any one who earnestly desires to obtain information concerning the Talmud or any part thereof will now be able, even without the knowledge of the languages of the original texts, to acquire generally adequate instruction.

Even at the present moment, certain ignorant agitators (most of them are at the same time malevolent) seek to make the Christian-German people believe that the Jews "are solicitous, with every possible means at their hands, to keep the Talmud a secret book," for fear lest its contents should become known, indeed, that they consider it a crime worthy of death for any Jew

continued on last page

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RICK'S STORY
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MONTHLY
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FORGIVE ME MOST HOLY FOR THE HARLOT HAS TEMPTED ME TO GO TO THE STARCHILD TONIGHT
AND I TOLD HER NEITHER "GO OB" @OB NOR "BEAT IT" @OB N'NOR "SCRAM"

C H A P. V I I I

1. Ricke ends his confession 4 Cerebvs rebukes Ricke 11 Cerebvs explains Goe On and Beate It and Scramme 18 Rickes understanding returnes

THen Ricke hauing made an ende of his confession before Cerebvs in the saying of how Ioanne had tempted Ricke:

2 And further saying how it had come to passe that Ricke had failed in his faith and in his vnderstanding insomuch that Ricke had not saide vnto Ioanne, Goe On and Beat It and Scramme;

3 ¶ Lo, Ricke beheld that his wordes filled Cerebvs with anger insomuch that Cerebvs rebuked Ricke, saying vnto him:

4 Cease thy tears and thy wailing and thy lament. How might Cerebvs teach thee the waies of a man when thou art more woman than man?

5 And Ricke vnderstoode the truth of Cerebvses wordes and ceased his tears and his wailing and his lament.

6 At the ceasing of Rickes tears, Cerebvs spake vnto him, saying:

7 ¶ Art thou a foole hauing yet no vnderstanding?

8 Thinkest thou that Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of women and euen Angels?

9 Farre should it bee from thee in considering it to be so. Hearken vnto Cerebvses wordes that vnderstanding might returne vnto thee.

10 And Ricke hearkened vnto the wordes of Cerebvs as Cerebvs spake vnto Ricke, saying:

11 ¶ Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of scorpions and uipers hauing melons and other attributes like vnto those of women.

12 Goe On and Beate It and Scramme are deuises and sayings for the casting out of those who trouble thee and who make thy head and thy stomache to ache and who giue pain vnto thee in all waies.

13 And likewise are they deuises and sayings for the casting out of those who confuse thee and befuddle thee til thou knowest not thy righte hand from thy left hande.

14 Goe On and Beat It and Scramme are for the casting out of these and these onely.

15 ¶ Iudge wisely in this lest peraduenture thou shouldst finde thyselfe ensnared by a uiper or a scorpion hauing the atributes of a woman.

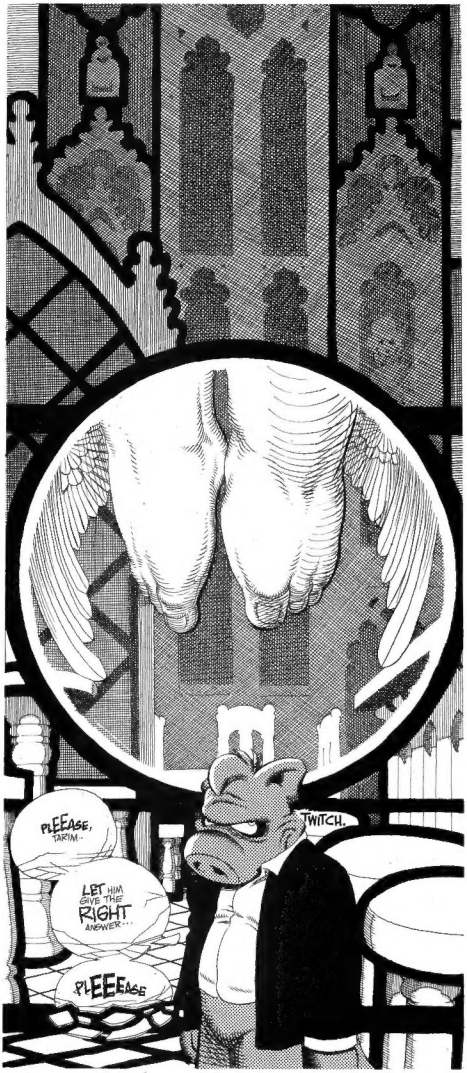
16 Iudge wisely in this as well lest peraduenture thou shouldst finde thyselfe going foorth and speaking Goe On and Beat It and Scramme vnto a woman who is not a uiper or a scorpion (insomuch that thou shouldst then finde no woman who will lie with thee in all thy daies).

17 And Ricke answered Cerebvs according to his wordes saying; Ricke seekes alwaies to speake the truth onely, and to lie neither by himselfe nor with an other.

18 ¶ Then did Cerebvs make clear the wordes he had spoken vnto Ricke by the forming of Cerebvses thumbe and middle finger of his left hande into a circle and the thrusting of the middle finger of his righte hande through the midst of them. And, lo, vnderstanding returned to Ricke.

19 Howsoeuer was Ricke euen yet vexed and troubled so that he spake vnto Cerebvs

saying; Of a truth has Cerebvs spoken wisely in warning Ricke lest peraduenture Ricke be ensnared by either a uiper or a scorpion hauing the atributes of a woman.
20 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.
21 And Ricke spake further vnto Cerebvs saying, Of a truth Cerebvs has spoken wisely vnto Ricke in adiuring Ricke to use iudgement in the sayings and the deuises of Goe On and Beate It and Scramme, lest Ricke shouldst mistake a woman who is good for a scorpion or a uiper which is euill.
22 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.
23 And Ricke continued his speaking vnto Cerebvs saying, For a scorpion or a uiper hauing the atributes of a woman would cause Rickes head to throb and Rickes stomach to ache through its great euill.
24 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.
25 And Ricke inquired of Cerebvs then in asking him, Is it not also said of a truth (euen so much as according to the Worde Of Tarim) that to knowingly speake a falsehood is a great euill and a great sinne?
26 And Cerebvs saide, It is so.
27 And then did Ricke inquire further of Cerebvs in asking him; If it bee so that speaking a falsehood is a great euill and a great sinne, and if it bee likewise so (according to the worde of Cerebvs that thou hast spoken vnto Ricke) that All Women Lie then what woman could there bee who is neither uiper nor scorpion?
28 ¶ And Cerebvs did wax wroth with Ricke and spake angrily vnto Ricke, saying:



CHAP. IX

1. Rickes vnderstanding: 11 the parable of the wise ruler and the lunaticke: 26 latter times

ANd at Cerebvses wordes did greater vnderstanding come vpon Ricke insomuch that Ricke was enlarged in his spirite and, lo, he was moued to answer vnto Cerebvs euen beforetimes that Cerebvs had made an ende of speaking and Ricke spake vnto Cerebvs with great vigour saying;

2 Farre bee it from Ricke to seeke after lieing with men! Not euen in the most cuill imaginings of the heart of Ricke would it be so!

3 (So great was the relief of Cerebvs at the hearing of Rickes wordes that Cerebvs expelled a great winde and a great noise from his lips)

4 And seeing Cerebvses relief at his wordes Ricke was emboldened to multiply his wordes saying vnto Cerebvs; Farre has it bene from Ricke beforetimes when Ricke was but litle! Farre has it bene from Ricke in all the daies of Rickes life! Farre has it bene from Ricke euen vnto this daie! And may it bee the will of Tarim that it shall bee farre from Ricke on the daie when Ricke shall goe downe in to the graue.

5 And in his smiling and his ioy did Cerebvs convey vnto Ricke that Cerebvs was well pleased with the wordes Ricke had spoken. Of a truth, so great was Cerebvses ioy at Rickes wordes that Ricke was moued to multiply his wordes euen further saying;

6 Yea and verily, the lieing with men is as farre from the heart of Ricke as is the east from the west! Of a truth it is the desire of Rickes heart to lie with vipers and scorpions hauing great melons!

7 And Cerebvs smote himselfe upon his forehead with his palme (making a noise exceding lowd) at the multiplying of Rickes wordes. Then spake Cerebvs vnto Ricke saying,

8 Thou foole! Thou desirest not to lie with vipers and scorpions for there is no profite for any man in lieing with these!

9 Thou desirest to lie with women onely, those hauing great melons and other atributes which are pleasing to thee!

10 Seeing Rickes perplexitie at these wordes Cerebvs spake a parable vnto Ricke, saying;

11 ¶ There was a certaine wise ruler who sought to lie with a woman hauing great melons and other atributes pleasing to him. But, lo, no woman could bee found and the wise ruler could find onely a lunaticke (a lunaticke being in part a woman, in part a viper and in part a scorpion).

12 Howsoeuer it came to passe that when the wise ruler sought to lie with the part of the lunaticke that was a woman hauing great melons, lo, the scorpion would come foorth of the lunaticke or, lo, the viper would come foorth of the lunaticke.

13 In this was the wise ruler sorely vexed and troubled and tooke counsell within himselfe saying, How shal I subdue the viper and the scorpion that I might lie with the great melons (and the woman also)?

14 And the wise ruler obserued the lunaticke closely to see which of his wordes it was that called foorth the viper and which of his wordes it was that called foorth the scorpion and which of his wordes it was that called foorth the woman.

15 And the wise ruler saw in his wisedome that when the woman appeared before him, lo, the uiper and the scorpion were subdued within her. And he saw further in his wisedome that it was onely by the woman that the uiper and the scorpion could be subdued.
16 And the wise ruler saw in his wisedome that a cheerfull countenance and a smile like vnto that of a small boy and a voice like the sounde of cheerfull musick called foorth the woman within the lunaticke and forced the scorpion and the uiper deepe within her bowels (where they could onely wander to and fro hauing no countenance and no voyce).
17 So it was that the wise ruler smiled all the daie with a smile like vnto a small boy (and like vnto a lunaticke) hauing alwaies a cheerfull countenance and saying all his wordes like vnto cheerfull musicke.
18 No matter what foolishnesse the lunaticke spake vnto the wise ruler euen so in his great wisedome would hee smile and bee cheerfull saying, How interesting are your wordes to mee, and How ioyfull it makes mee to hear thee speake.
19 And no matter how many times the lunaticke tolde the same storie vnto the wise ruler, euen so in his great wisedome would hee smile and bee cheerfull saying, What a wonder and an astonishment is your storie to mee, and What a cleuer woman thou art, and How fascinating thou art to mee.
20 And when the uiper or the scorpion (walking to and fro within the lunaticke) would take holde of the lunaticke and aske the wise ruler a question like vnto a snare for the unwary (that the uiper and the scorpion might cause the wise ruler to stumble in his waie and so cast the woman afarre off from him), euen so would hee smile and bee cheerfull and answer them in his great wisdome with a voyce like vnto cheerfull musicke, saying;
21 I am but an ignorant man and vnequall to the taske of vnderstanding the wisdome of thy question, or I am hard of hearing and seeke pardon of thee and beseech thee that thou might speake thy question vnto mee once more.
22 And when the uiper or the scorpion (walking to and fro within the lunaticke) would speake the question once more, euen so would the wise ruler in his great wisedome euen yet smile and bee of a cheerfull countenance and answer them in a voyce like vnto cheerfull musicke, saying;
23 I am without a clew, or Thou searchest mee in vain, or It is so pleasant to bee here with thee that I can call foorth no thought or speeche but of how pleasant it is to bee here with thee (and that onely).
24 And the wise ruler imagined alwaies that hee was speaking vnto the great melons themselves so that his cheerfull countenance and his wordes like vnto sweet musicke were sincere and pleased the woman (so that the uiper and the scorpion were cast deeper into the bowels of the lunaticke where they could onely wander to and fro).
25 And the wise ruler lay with the great melons (and the woman also) euen vnto seven and seventie times.
26 ¶ (And the wise ruler cast the lunaticke from him when his cheerfull countenance and his voyce like vnto sweet musicke no longer called foorth the woman but called foorth the uiper and the scorpion onely)

CHAP. X

1. Rickes vnderstanding: 6 Rickes inquirie: 12 Tarims mercie: 13 the businesse of men: 15 Ioannes wordes: 16: Cerebvses wordes

THen did the spirit of Cerebvs come vpon Ricke in fulle measure endowing Ricke with all of Cerebvses wisdome and truth so that Ricke was moued to inquire of Cerebvs;

2 In speaking the parable of the wise ruler and the lunaticke vnto mee is it not so that Cerebvs has spoken a parable as well of the woman and the Angel and the deuill which are Ioanne?

3 And Cerebvs smiled upon Ricke and was well pleased with Rickes vnderstanding saying vnto Ricke, Verily thou hast spoken wisely for of a truth, Ioanne is the Queene of the Lunatickes.

4 And Ricke was moued in his spirit that he had found great fauour in the eies of Cerebvs.

5 ¶ Howsobeit Ricke was stil without perfite vnderstanding and inquired of Cerebvs asking vnto him,

6 But is it not a sinne in the eies of Tarim that a man should lie with a woman which is not his wife?

7 And Cerebvs answered Ricke saying, Verily it is a great sinne to lie with any woman in the eies of Tarim; howeuersobeit that shee bee uiper or scorpion or lunaticke or a woman onely or, yea, euen that she bee that mans wife.

8 So thou must aske forgiueness of Tarim for the lieing with any of these after thou hast made an ende of doing so;

9 Waiting vntill the uiper or the scorpion or the lunaticke or the woman or thy wife has moued a litle apart from thee for the cleaning of herselfe,

10 So that thou art alone with Tarim when thou seekest forgiueness of him.

11 ¶ And Ricke inquired further of Cerebvs asking him, And doth Tarim forgiue this sinne of a man when he askes it of him?

12 And Cerebvs answered Ricke saying, Tarim forgiues whomsoeuer is worthie of forgiueness in the eies of Tarim. That is Tarims business and is not for men to know.

13 ¶ It is the business of men to giue reverence vnto Tarim and to feare Tarim and to exalt Tarim in their soules and their mindes and their hearts aboue all things; Yea, aboue themselues, aboue all other men, aboue all food and all drinke, aboue the playing of the Fiue Barre Gate, aboue the playing of the Diamondbacke, aboue the fishing and the swimming, aboue all melons and aboue all Angels and women and uipers and scorpions and deuills.

14 ¶ And when Cerebvs had made an ende of speaking, Lo, then was I, Ricke, filled with Cerebvses spirit which was the spirit of Tarim.

15 And I felt the bandage vpon my head which had been placed there by the woman and the Angel and the deuill called Ioanne and I saw the truth in her wordes that I had no wounde;

16 That her wordes had bene like vnto Cerebvses wordes when I had suffred of my broken arme (and that in two places) saying, Take off thy sling for thine vnderstanding hath made thee whole.

17 And I, Ricke, tooke off the bandage from my head.

CHAP. XI

1. Ricke departs the sanctvarie: 10 the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters

HAuing cast his bandage from him Ricke departed from the sanctuarie filled with the spirit of Cerebvs (which was the spirit of Tarim also). And hee turned to his righte hand passing the new corne of the fields by his way.

2 And then did Ricke passe through the new corne of the fields by a path knowen to Ricke onely which was within sight of the sanctvarie.

3 And Ricke followed the path which was knowen to him onely euen vnto the crowne of a small hill which ouerlooked the sanctvarie and the fields of the new corne.

4 And vpon the crowne of the small hill were euer green trees in abundance and these were talle and ouer againste one another so that the sunne was in the midst of them in strakes and patches onely.

5 ¶ And Ricke made haste in his going for hee sought to replace his tunic which was stil marked by the bloode from his grieuous head wounde (from which hee had suffred euen vnto death).

6 And Ricke in his going tooke heed within himselfe of the miracle which Cerebvs had wrought through the wordes of the Angel and the woman and the deuill Ioanne in saying vnto Ricke, Thou hast no wounde.

7 Verily, it had come to passe that Rickes grieuous head wounde had bene healed of Cerebvses wordes spoken through Ioanne insomuch that euen the bandage which Ricke had cast from him had but a small staine onely vpon its inward side.

8 And Ricke gaue praise vnto Cerebvs and vnto the spirit of Cerebvs for the wonder and the marueil that Cerebvs had worked vpon Ricke in the healing of Rickes grieuous head wounde.

9 And Ricke moued into a clearing in the groue of euer green trees wherein no sunne light shone, no, not euen in strakes and patches so that daye was like vnto night therein.

10 ¶ And, Lo, there appeared vnto Ricke a light that shone where no light could penetrate. And it was a light like vnto a fire surrounding a small euer green tree, howsoeuer it was that the tree was not consumed by the fire.

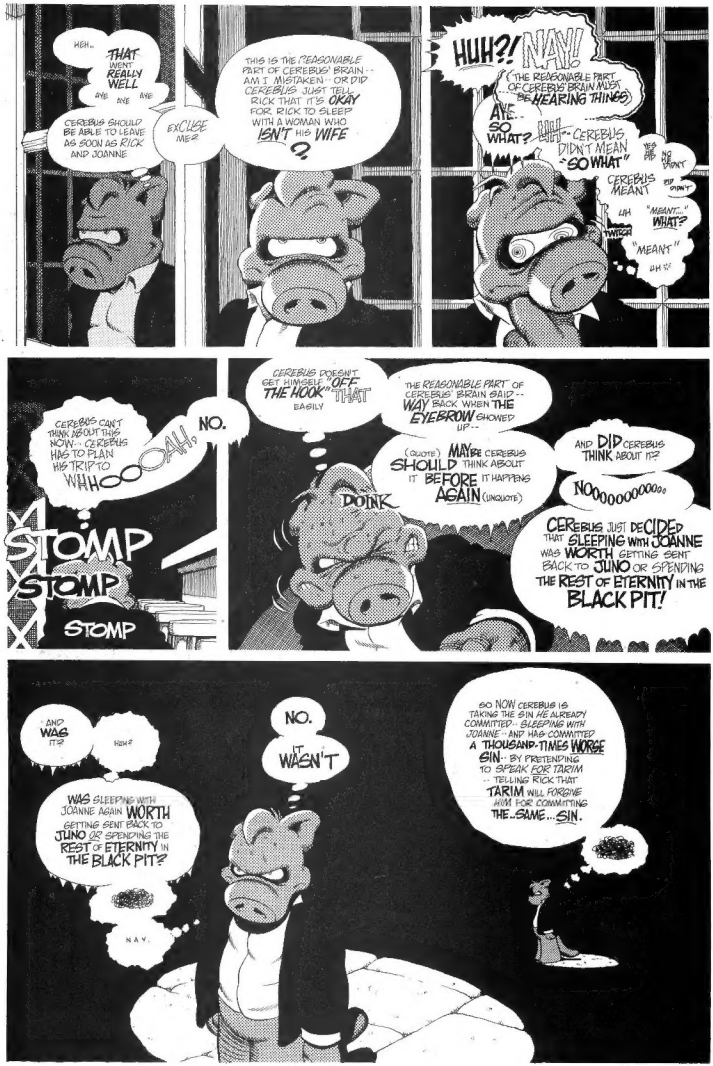
11 Ricke tooke counsell within himselfe saying, I will draw nigh vnto the euer green tree that I might see how it is that it is not consumed by the fire.

12 And Ricke drew nigh vnto the tree and the light and the fire vpon it and he saw that the light and the fire were like vnto liuing waters flowing upward from the branches of the tree and being like vnto the radiance of Ioanne the Angel.

13 (Howsoeuer it was that the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters grew brighter as they rose so that Ricke could not stand to looke vpon them and cast his eies downe to looke vpon the lowest branches onely)

14 And there came a voyce from the light surpassing lowd so that the grounde shooke beneath Rickes feete and the voyce spake vnto Ricke saying, Ricke, Ricke.

15 And Ricke answered vnto the voyce saying, Here am I.


HEH..
THAT WENT REALLY WELL
AHE AHE AHE
CEREBUS SHOULD BE ABLE TO LEAVE AS SOON AS RICK AND JOANNE
EXCUSE ME?
THIS IS THE REASONABLE PART OF CEREBUS' BRAIN -- AM I MISTAKEN - OR DID CEREBUS JUST TELL RICK THAT IT'S OKAY FOR RICK TO SLEEP WITH A WOMAN WHO ISN'T HIS WIFE ?
HUH?! NAY!
(THE REASONABLE PART OF CEREBUS' BRAIN MUST BE HEARING THINGS)
AYE- SO WHAT? WHA!
-CEREBUS, DIDN'T MEAN -SO WHAT"
YES HE DID! NO HE DIDN'T!
CEREBUS MEANT
UH
TWITCH
"MEANT"... WHAT?
"MEANT"
UH !?
CEREBUS CAN'T THINK ABOUT THIS NOW - CEREBUS HAS TO PLAN HIS TRIP TO
WHOOOAH, NO.
STOMP
STOMP
STOMP
CEREBUS DOESN'T GET HIMSELF "OFF THE HOOK" EASILY
THAT
THE REASONABLE PART OF CEREBUS' BRAIN SAID -- WAY BACK WHEN THE EYEBROW SHOWED UP --
(QUOTE) MAYBE CEREBUS SHOULD THINK ABOUT IT BEFORE IT HAPPENS AGAIN (UNQUOTE)
DOINK
AND DID CEREBUS THINK ABOUT IT?
NOOOOOOOOOO.
CEREBUS JUST DECIDED THAT SLEEPING WITH JOANNE WAS WORTH GETTING SENT BACK TO JUNO OR SPENDING THE REST OF ETERNITY IN THE BLACK PIT!
AND WAS IT?
HUH?
WAS SLEEPING WITH JOANNE AGAIN WORTH GETTING SENT BACK TO JUNO OR SPENDING THE REST OF ETERNITY IN THE BLACK PIT?
NAY.
NO.
IT WASN'T
SO NOW CEREBUS IS TAKING THE SIN HE ALREADY COMMITTED - SLEEPING WITH JOANNE - AND HAS COMMITTED A THOUSAND-TIMES WORSE SIN - BY PRETENDING TO SPEAK FOR TARIM - TELLING RICK THAT TARIM WILL FORGIVE HIM FOR COMMITTING THE..SAME...SIN.

CHAP. XII

1. the voyce speaks to Ricke: 3. Ricke receiues his blessing of the voyce: 5. the voyce instructes Ricke: 8. Tarim is cast out by the voyce: 9. the Name of God: 19 the voyce promises to returne: 21 the mystery of Duds

AND the voyce spake vnto Ricke saying,

2 ¶ Hearken vnto my voyce for thou art blessed aboue all my creations insomuch as it shalbe through thee that all the daies of Cerebvs shalbe fulfilled.

3 For as thou hast written, the Seate of Truth is of Ricke and Ricke is of the Seate of Truth. Verily, I say vnto you that the Seate of Truth is not of the sanctvarie onely, for wheresoeuer Ricke shalbe there shall the Seate of Truth bee also.

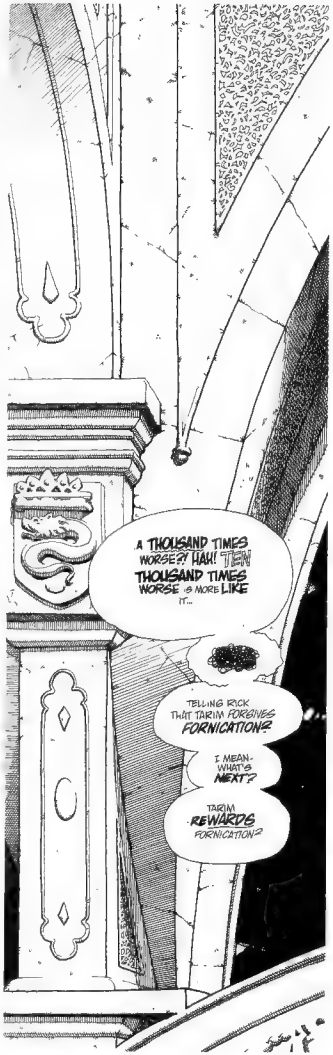
4 And Ricke was filled with great feare and trembling at the wordes spoken vnto him, so that the voyce resumed speaking vnto Ricke saying,

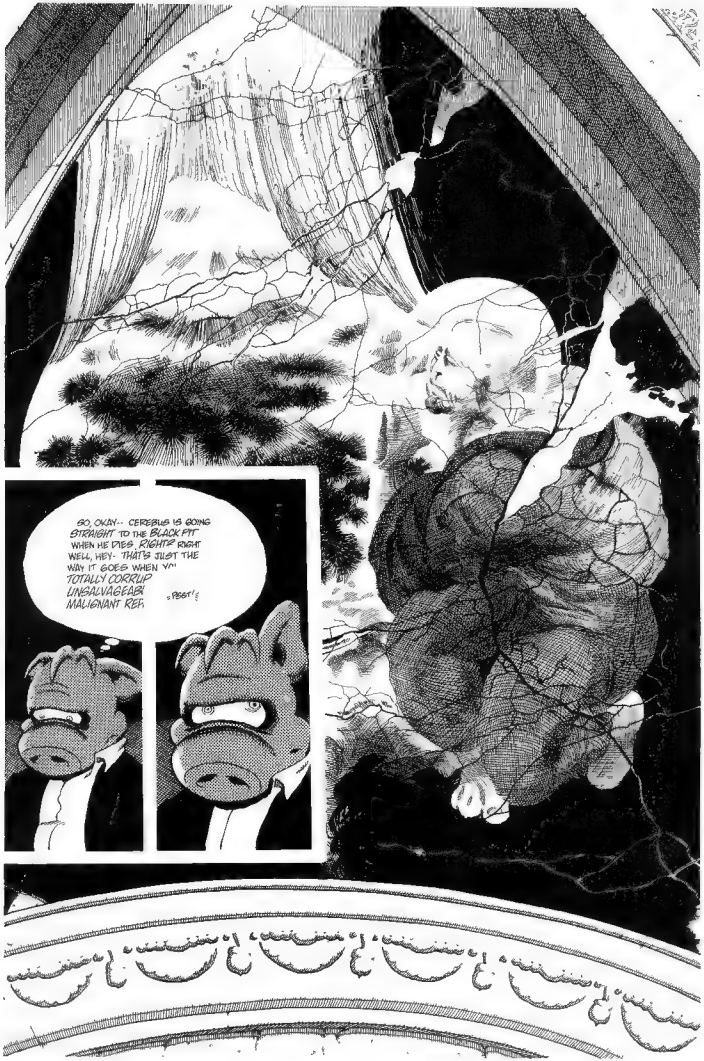
5 ¶ Feare not my voyce for I am well pleased by the wordes that thou hast written in thy Booke and it is through thy wordes that thou shalt bring an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousnesse after the maner of the deuill and the uiper and the scorpion.

6 From this daye forward thou shalt speake thy wordes vnto men as thou has written them, adding no worde to them saue those spoken vnto thee by the Angel and the woman and the deuill called Ioanne when she came to thee seeking thy pardon for her transgressions.

7 And thou shalt write in thy Booke of thy coming here before mee and all that I haue spoken vnto thee, and all that thou hast spoken vnto mee.

8 ¶ These things thou shalt change in thy Booke and these things onely: From this daye forward thou shalt no more use the name Tarim, for Tarim is a heathen and a pagan name and a name come of deuills and uipers and scorpions and of the first Angel which is cast out and who has his dwelling place within and in the midst of these.


A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE?! HAH! TEN THOUSAND TIMES WORSE IS MORE LIKE IT...
TELLING RICK THAT TARIM FORGIVES FORNICATION?!
I MEAN- WHAT'S NEXT?
TARIM REWARDS FORNICATION?


SO, OKAY-- CEREBUS IS GOING STRAIGHT TO THE BLACK PIT WHEN HE DIES, RIGHT? RIGHT WELL, HEY- THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT GOES WHEN Y'
TOTALLY CORRUP
UNSALVAGEABL
MALIGNANT REP
-PBBT!-

9 ¶ Henceforth thou shalt speake the name of God onely. For God is the name of hee whom all men seeke in wisedome and in truth.

10 Hee is one God, indiuisible, hauing one Name and one Face and one Aspect which is God.

11 Hearken not vnto those who seeke to diuide his name, saying, Hee is called by many names;

12 For hee has one Name and that is God.

13 Hearken not vnto those who say, He has many aspects and many faces;

14 For he has one Aspect and one Face, which is God.

15 Hearken not vnto those who say hee is a woman or vnto those who say hee has a womanly aspect, for they are of the first Angel which is cast out and has her dwelling place amongst and within deuills and uipers and scorpions.

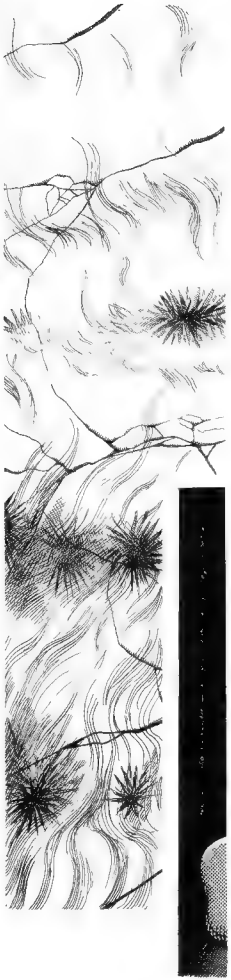
16 Hearken not vnto those who say that hee is unknoweable, for God is knowen to all those who seeke him in wisedome and in trueth.

17 Likewise hearken not vnto those who speake of the godhead for of a trueth God did make man in his owne Image and, euen as a mans head is not a man so too is the godhead not the one God who is indiuisible, hauing one Name and one Face and one Aspect which is God.

18 And the earth shooke beneath Rickes feete at the wordes spoken by the voyce so that Ricke was seized once more with fear and trembling euen as the voyce made an ende of speaking vnto Ricke, saying;

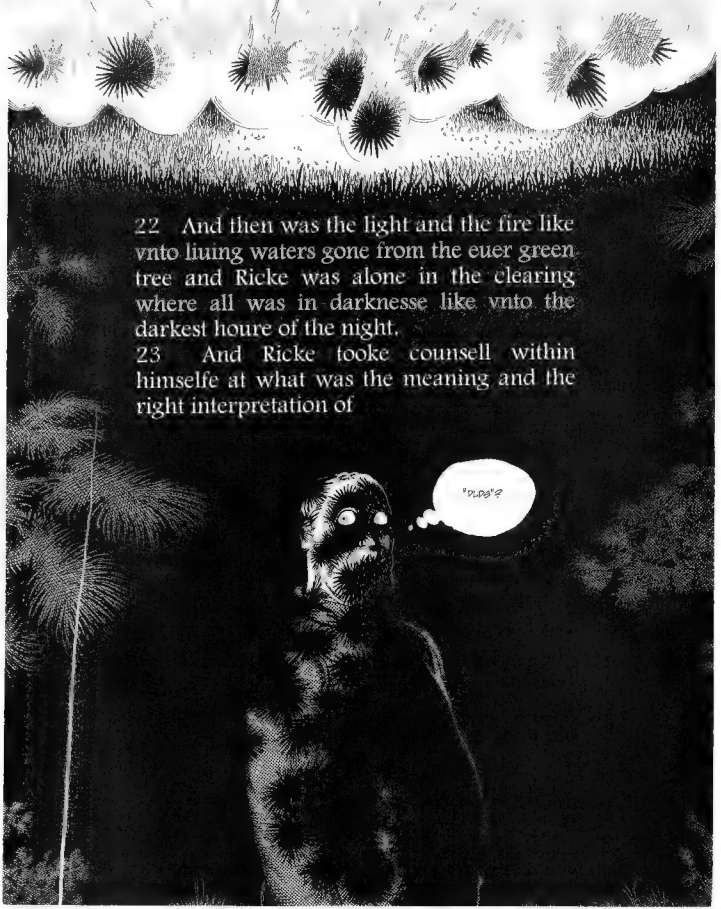
19 Thou shalt make these changes onely to thy Booke and thou shalt write no more vntill thou shalt heare my voyce againe.

20 And Ricke bowed himselfe low vpon the grounde and saide, As thou hast instructed mee, so shall it bee.



HOW DARE CEREBUS PRESUME TO SPEAK FOR TARIM, TO MODIFY TARIM'S LAWS TO SUIT CEREBUS' OWN PURPOSES?
HAS CEREBUS NOT ONE IOTA OF HIS UPBRINGING LEFT?! IS THERE NO LIMIT TO CEREBUS' SINS AND BLASPHEMIES?

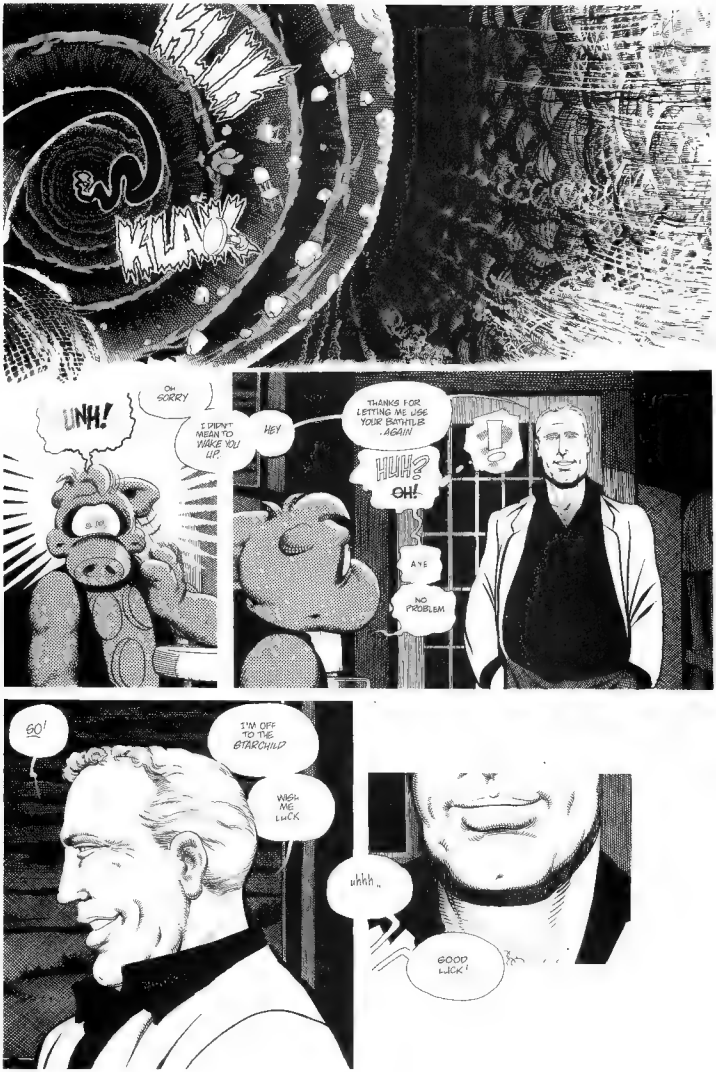
21 ¶ And the voyce answered Ricke saying, Goe foorth and get thee some nice Duds for thy date with Ioanne.


22 And then was the light and the fire like vnto liuing waters gone from the euer green tree and Ricke was alone in the clearing where all was in darknesse like vnto the darkest houre of the night.
23 And Ricke tooke counsell within himselfe at what was the meaning and the right interpretation of
"DUDS"?

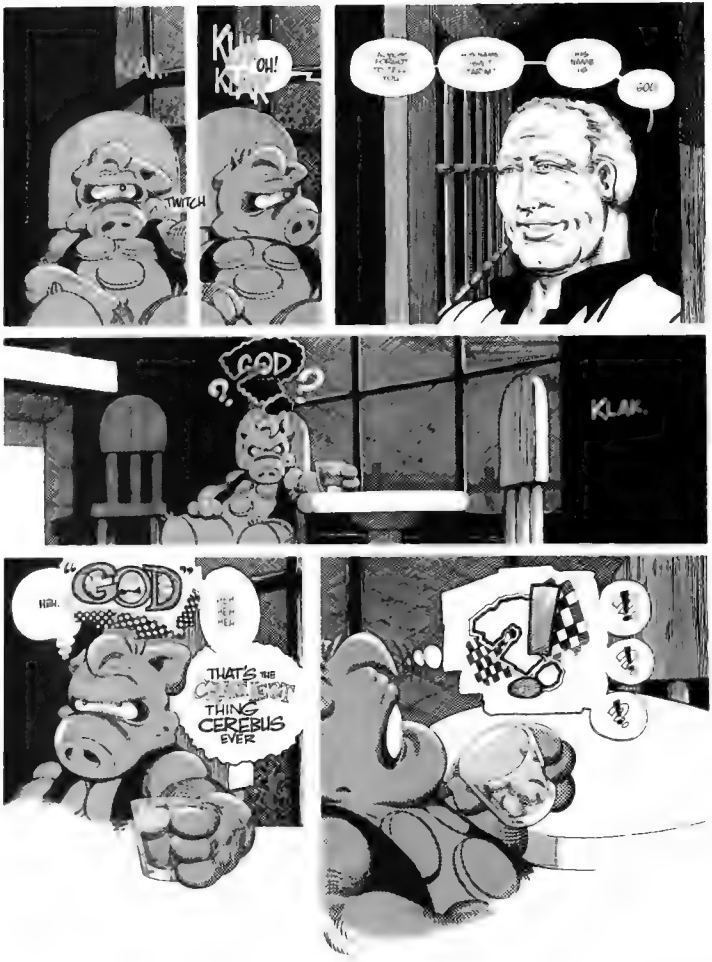
UNLESS CEREBUS REPENTS OF HIS SIN OF SAYING THAT TARIM FORGIVES FORNICATION AND THE THOUSAND TIMES WORSE SIN OF PRESUMING TO SPEAK FOR TAR!...
HEY!
WHAT.
CEREBUS DID NOT TELL RICK THAT TARIM FORGIVES FORNICATION
(QUOTE)
CEREBUS TOLD RICK
"TARIM FORGIVES THOSE WHO ARE WORTHY OF FORGIVENESS IN HIS EYES."
(UNQUOTE)
WELL CEREBUS IMPLIED
DIDNOT DIDNOT
THE "REASONABLE" PART OF CEREBUS' BRAIN IN FERRED!
WELL
BE THAT AS IT MAY
IT'S STILL
CEREBUS IS STILL
AND AS FAR AS CEREBUS "PRESUMING TO SPEAK FOR TARIM..." GOES:

WHAT EXACTLY DOES "REEASONABLE" THINK HE IS DOING?
JAB
HUH?
"A THOUSAND TIMES WORSE SIN?" DID TARIM TELL "REEASONABLE" THAT "REEASONABLE" PERSONALLY?
JAB
OOF
AND IS "REEASONABLE" SURE TARIM SAID "A THOUSAND"?
GRAK
PUNCH
TEN PLEASE
OR TWELVE?
UH
NOT A HUNDRED?
SIP
N'
GLUMP
JAB
UH — HUH
AND DID TARIM TELL "REEASONABLE" THAT TARIM NEVER FORGIVES FORNICATION?
HUH?
PUNCH
KRAK
SAY IS "REEEEEASONABLE" SURE TARIM EVEN SAID: "FORNICATION"? AND NOT
UNH
ADULTERY
(THERE IS A DIFFERENCE?)
(AYE!)
(WHAT IS IT?)
CERBERUS FORGETS (BUT HE READ IT IN A BOOK ONCE.)
(REALLY?)
(AYE — NOW SHUT UP — CERBERUS HAS TO FINISH BEATING OUT OF THE "REASONABLE" PART OF HIS BRAIN)
(SORRY)
(SORRY)
(SORRY)
O-KAY, 'REEASONABLE'
WHAT ELSE DID TARIM TELL YOU?
COME ONNNAN
CERBERUS WANTS TO
POIT
?
HOW DARE THE "REASONABLE" PART OF CERBERUS' BRAIN POIT WHEN CERBERUS IS WINNING THE ARGUMENT!!
TWITCH

CEREBUS WAS TO GET OUT OF HERE
AYE AYE AYE
CEREBUS IS GOING CRAZY
(SIN?) CEREBUS HASN'T THOUGHT ABOUT SIN SINCE CEREBUS WAS 17
(OH, THAT'S RIGHT... CEREBUS NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT SIN)
AND NOW CEREBUS IS DRINKING SCOTCH.
(IS DRINKING SCOTCH A SIN?)
(HAS TO BE - IT MAKES YOU FEEL - GROSS!)
A BUCKET OF SCOTCH IS A SIN
A GLASS OF SCOTCH IS
TWO GLASSES IS
WHAT ABOUT THREE?
CEREBUS DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT ONE GLASS IS
CAN WE JUST FIGURE OUT WHAT ONE IS BEFORE WE
WAL...IS SHER'ZZEND SIN?! A VIRTUE!
HA HA HA HA HA
(IT WAS ALOO TWO GLASSES AGO)
(AYE... THAT'S WHY CEREBUS WAS ASKING ABOUT THREE)
AH WHO IS CEREBUS KIDDING? CEREBUS IS GOING STRAIGHT INTO THE BLACK PIT WHEN HE DIES
AND CEREBUS KNOWS IT
KNOWN IT FOR YEARS
SOME DAY CEREBUS' HEART WILL STOP BEATING
THE INFINITY SERPENT WILL SWALLOW HER (IF) AND (IF) IT'S (IF)
COILS
THE GROUND WILL OPEN UNDER CEREBUS' FEET
AND


KLAK
UNH!
OH SORRY
I DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU UP.
HEY
THANKS FOR LETTING ME USE YOUR BATHTUB AGAIN
HUH?
OH!
AYE
NO PROBLEM
GO!
I'M OFF TO THE STARCHILD
WISH ME LUCK
uhhh..
GOOD LUCK!

EGGH!
Oh! RIGHT!
RICK!
AYE?
CEREBUS DID NOT MEAN TO IMPLY THAT TARIM FORGIVES FORNICATION
?
YOU DIDN'T
WHAT YOU SAID WAS
TARIM FORGIVES THOSE WHO ARE FOUND WORTHY OF FORGIVENESS IN HIS EYES.
SOUNDS REASONABLE
KLIK
KLAK


TWITCH
OH!
GOD
KLAK.
"GOD"
HEH.
THAT'S THE CRUDEST THING CEREBUS EVER

MAMA'S BOY

The scene is the kitchen/dining room of my sister Sheila's immaculate and spacious Victorian house in a small town outside of Hamilton, Ontario. The date is Mother's Day, 1997. The family (my father, mother, sister, Great Aunt Ina — and she really is a great aunt, by the way — and my maternal grandmother Lil whom I still call Grandma, though she wouldn't bat an eyelash if I called her Lil) have just finished a very nice dinner and a...certain amount of wine. David Groenewegen's letter is on my mind. I'm still wrestling with the idea of answering it in an upcoming issue, but the answer is looking more like an essay all the time. Since my mother had stopped reading *Cerebus* through the course of *Reads* and I had only recently (when that fact came to light over another dinner) persuaded her to finish it and read *Minds* (ahem), I was wary of an essay of that kind just arriving in the old mail box of the old homestead. Since it was a family get-together, I didn't want to get stuck on the subject and end up monopolizing the conversation, but I did think that notification was in order.

I paraphrased the gist of David's letter and told Mum that I was thinking of answering it with an essay called "Mama's Boy." Now whether she answered "Ohhhh, dear" or "Dear Sister" or just Mmmm'ed her "Mmmmm" that rises up at the end and signals a kind of simultaneous interest in and dread of the future course of the topic at hand...I couldn't say. It was one of those, anyway.

Still in expediency/sound bite mode, I plunged in: "The first thought that I had about being a mama's boy was the 'cry-baby' thing. You know, Cliff and his broken little finger."

❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄

Now, I have to interrupt myself to explain this little piece of family lore. Cliff is my Uncle Cliff, my mother's younger sibling and only sibling. Symmetrical it was that the same structure existed between myself and *my* sister. Two kids. Older one a girl, younger one a boy. Now, I don't have a clear mental picture of myself before the age of, say, ten, except that I was a mama's boy and a cry-baby. That is beyond dispute. My mental impression of myself is of a boy who simply started crying at birth and stopped only intermittently until he was about eight or nine years old. No, that's an exaggeration, but it's hard not to exaggerate when you consider reality through infant memories. I cried too much for a boy, that much was true. Big boys don't cry. My crying and the little traumas I cried about were well over into the girlish range (such distinctions being allowable back when the earth was still cooling in the early 1960s). Anyway, I have a very vivid memory of "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." You know, he cried wolf so often that eventually the villagers didn't believe him, and when the real wolf came no one came to help him and he got eaten. This had a particular resonance in my mother's family, since we had the more immediate example of "Cliff's broken little finger" which had the same high moral outcome as "The Boy Who Cried Wolf." Uncle Cliff was a cry-baby too, you see. And he cried at the least little trauma, so that when, one day, he broke his little finger, no one believed he was hurt for (some period of time — part of my mental block — a day? two days? a week?). And then they took him to the doctor and, lo, verily, the finger was broken.

❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄ ❄

We return you now to the Victorian kitchen/dining room.

"His arm!" my mother, father, and grandmother said in unison, laughing.

"His arm?" Something convulsed inside of me in that moment, I have to confess. And then I laughed.

"You mean to tell me that a little boy had a broken arm, and *no one* believed him and the only," I was really laughing now — it was quite a punch line, "the only moral you could draw from it was 'you shouldn't be a cry-baby'?"

That cracked up the room, let me tell you.

"It served him right," said my Dad in his mock serious tone by way of emphasizing the fundamental (albeit somewhat *grim*) humour of my observation, and we all cracked up again.

"Served him right." It was a great line that was taken two ways at that Mother's Day table. Black, black humour for the women and an exaggeration of the sorting-out process for my Dad and myself. "It served him appropriately" is the other half of the double meaning. A cry-baby is stuck between the baby state and the intended boy state. A broken arm served as a wake-up call that there are things that are worth crying about and things that are not worth crying about. It moved my Uncle Cliff along. It not only served *him* appropriately, it served *me* appropriately — years and years after the fact. Served me so well that I didn't need to have my arm broken to know I had to get past where I was.

I think the essential moral is pretty sound, constituting how things work best on the masculine side of reality (what there is left of it, anyway).

Baby, boy, man.

Two easy steps — or at least they used to be. The baby was expected to become a boy, and the boy was expected to become a man. The baby was expected to aspire to become a boy, and the boy was expected to aspire to become a man. If a boy isn't "measuring up," the other guys are going to call him a baby. It can be mean, sure — it's an icon of literature written by and for "mama's boys." "They all called me a baby and I went home crying." Well, *duh*! But it can also be a friendly bit of cajolery: "Don't be a baby." Don't cry so easily, don't give up so easily, don't sulk or throw a temper tantrum when you don't get your own way. In short, keep moving,

keep progressing. Stop being a baby and become a boy, a guy. Pain is a big part of it. There are three ways to deal with physical pain: one, behave as if it hurts more than it does; two, behave as if it hurts just as much as it does; three, behave as if it hurts less than it does. You know? Strength? Become better, learn to take it, walk it off, spit on it, and run a few laps. Reaction to pain constitutes a significant conscious decision. If someone cracks you on the ankle with his stick while playing road hockey, and you drop to the ground and roll around clutching the ankle and it doesn't hurt — but it *looked* like it hurt — well, the guys aren't going to know. You can milk it for sympathy and theatrically limp around for a minute or two, but you've really made a conscious decision to stay a baby inside even though you're a boy outside. It's just as...unprogressive?...to milk sympathy out of the guys (okay, attention and maybe concern) as it is to run home to mama crying. It's a bad interior choice. The right interior choice is to widen the gap between the pain and the reaction. As little *exterior* reaction to as much *interior* pain as you can manage. Shorten the reaction. Wince and hobble when, you know, that's really all you can do. The moment you can look okay, look okay. In the "sorting-out" process, once you get into the bad habit of magnifying pain, anxiety, fear, and all that stuff, you've really set a self-destructive pattern. You never properly jump from baby into boy, so the odds are not good that you'll ever make the jump from boy to man.

Unable and/or unwilling to make the jump from baby to boy, the "mama's boy" misinterprets cajolery — and the fact that very, *very* quickly in the boy stage, everyone else is getting sorted out. There are guys who are natural leaders, natural athletes, natural everything. There are guys who are fair, good, okay, and better than okay in all the same aspects. But the key thing is not just athletic ability or popularity or whatever. It is being a guy. And a big part of being a guy is accepting who you are and where you are in the pecking order. To the "mama's boy" the world is full of bullies and mean guys who make fun of him and pick on him. They exist, but a lot fewer of them exist in the "mama's boy's" world than exist in the "mama's boy's" mind. The "mama's boy" takes himself too seriously. He sees himself the way his mother sees him: fragile, special, better than most if not all. Self-importance is a no-no in the guy's world. That's where the "ribbing" comes in, "taking the piss" out of someone. Just like physical pain, you've got to be able to take it. Not take it and sulk, or take it and lash back, but take it good-naturedly, take it as if you put your pants on one leg at a time in the morning same as everyone else. Not take it as if Mother's Little Prince just got a footprint on his coronation robe.

Super-hero comic books are tailor-made for "mama's boys."

Much has been written about them as "power fantasies" and as "wish fulfilment," but (at the risk of being really offensive) most of what has been written has been by "mama's boys" for "mama's boys." And I think, naturally enough, that they miss the point. Super-hero comic books interpose themselves in the jump from baby to boy and from boy to man. The "mama's boy" misses the point out on the playground when he is seven or eight years old. He has an inflated opinion of himself. He sees himself through his mother's eyes. He takes to super-hero comic books because he has to retreat into a world where he can make the jump from baby to boy without abandoning his high opinion of himself. He misses the sorting-out period when the babies who are turning into boys figure out who is who in the pecking order. Choosing up sides for a team sport, he obsesses about the fact that he was picked last when everyone else just wants even teams and a good game. Once the game is on (say, road hockey), he obsesses about the fact that no one will pass him the ball, that he hasn't scored, that someone else scored. At no point does it occur to him whether his team is winning or losing; he is just obsessed with how *he* is doing. If he misses scoring a goal or lets in a goal, the only thing he thinks about is his personal humiliation, the unacceptable disparity between his performance and his self-image as Mother's Little Prince.

Super-heroes feed into the misapprehension of the baby who refuses to become a boy. If he could just get bitten by a radioactive spider or get hit with some gamma rays, he would become the biggest, strongest boy. Not only would he score *a* goal, he would score *all* of the goals. He could beat all of the boys on his own without breaking a sweat, and his performance would match his self-image as Mother's Little Prince. He just completely misses the point. He would not become popular by beating everyone. Any guy worth his salt wouldn't let him play because it would be too uneven. Uneven equals bad game. It removes the point of the game.

Choosing up sides is a perfect example of the masculine dynamic that is at work in changing a baby into a boy and a boy into a man. Know who and what you are in the pecking order. Play for the team. Get into the spirit of the competition. Play as well as you can. Work hard. If you suck, work hard so that you don't suck as bad.

But, to the "mama's boy," choosing up sides exists purely to humiliate him and any kid who is picked last. It makes him feel unloved, which is a very, very strange emotion to drag into a road hockey game. If the object were to humiliate guys who suck, you would just say, "Okay, everybody who sucks down at that end. We're going to blow you to shit, beat you 150 to nothing."

He just completely misses the point of the masculine dynamic. He has no interest in finding out who and what he is. If he can't be the top one, the best, then he wants to quit. In the masculine world that's a giant step down. Nobody sucks as bad as someone who quits. A dead guy is better than a quitter. A dead guy you could lean up against the crossbar and he'd stop a few shots just by being there.

I was never really that bad. Once Uncle Cliff's broken (glp) arm dried up the waterworks, I had a pretty good idea where I stood. About a half a foot shorter than everyone else. Not athletic, not popular. But I had made the leap from baby to boy. I learned not to act as if I was entitled to more than I had, I learned not to sulk, I learned how to try and fail and forget about it.

Yes, Cliff's broken...arm (glp) did the trick. Did it pretty well, because I remember it occurring to me around

the age of twenty that I could not remember the last time I had cried. So not only hadn't I cried in a decade or more, I hadn't even been *aware* that I had not cried. What brought it to mind? Funny you should ask.

Two things: feminists started turning the world upside down in 1970, and I had my first girlfriend, Deni. The opinion had spread very far and very wide and very quickly that it was Okay For Men to Cry. In pretty short order (as things moved closer to full upside-down position), that became It's *Good* For Men to Cry. At full 180-degree out of whack, but perpendicular, that became It's *Mandatory* for Men to Cry with the undertone of *Good* Men Cry, *Bad* Men Don't.

Well, I gave it the old college try, let me tell you. And for a period of time (maybe a year? probably less) I was capable of crying if I was sufficiently frustrated, angry, or unhappy. There was a sense of...weird achievement...I guess I would call it: "Getting with the Program." There was just one small problem. I didn't like it. Whatever it was that women got out of crying wasn't there for me. I didn't feel as if I was "letting it all out." I was still frustrated and angry and unhappy, except now my eyes were all red, I was all "squishy," and my stomach and brain were tied up in a knot.

In theory I will accept the proposition that I just didn't go far enough, that I had to work at it more, dredge up more unhappy memories and reasons to feel sorry for myself to really get the waterworks pumping, but "in theory" is as far as I'm willing to go. In retrospect it was a stupid regression from man to boy to baby, to no good purpose, and fortunately, from my standpoint, it didn't "stick."

Having opted out of the "sorting-out" process, the "mama's boy" is unable to distinguish this kinda guy from that kinda guy and just divides the world into "mama's boys" and homicidal maniacs. He uses the term "cool" and has no idea what it means (i.e., "Dungeons and Dragons is cool!"). "Cool" is what the sorting-out process is all about. Mother's Little Prince is not cool. A quitter is not cool. The guy who scores the most goals is not *necessarily* cool. The guy with a sports car and a different girl every night of the week is not *necessarily* cool. The first one could be a "hotshot" — someone who is good but thinks he is much better than he is and acts like it. If he is stupid enough to say it out loud, he is an "asshole." "Hotshots" and "assholes" are not cool. Nice ones are funny and good to have in your corner when the cutting gets close and there is not too much at stake. Then they are sort of cool or off-and-on cool. The second guy is cool if he isn't scooping other guys' girlfriends and wives, and as long as he knows who he is and who he is okay. If he thinks he *is* his sports car or he thinks he *is* the best-looking women he goes to bed with, then he's really no different from the "mama's boy" with his super-hero comic books. He is filling up the gap between who he is and his self-image with a sports car and sexual conquests. He is not cool.

The sorting-out process worked well for years and years. Probably centuries. You ended up with guys who knew who they were and guys who didn't know who they were. And the guys who *knew* who they were knew *which* guys *didn't* know who they were. Whatever the game, the quitters, the hotshots, the assholes, the bullies —all of them became apparent in any environment to guys who knew who and what they were. There were losers, but a loser used to be someone who was just relentlessly self-destructive. The hair-trigger-temper types, the finks, the snitches, the weasels. The sort of guy who would hit a woman. Only a loser would hit a woman. The concept was that they were losing, bit by bit, one episode at a time, everything that meant anything. It seems to me that it is a mark of how degraded our gender-merging civilization has become that even the term loser has no specific meaning. Once women picked it up, it was used for anything from a serial killer to someone with a bad haircut and plaid pants. Someone they wouldn't go out on a date with.

The "sorting-out" process worked well because there were no rule books attached to it so an asshole or a hotshot of a loser could study how to pass for a guy. Things like "choosing up sides" — there are probably a million of them that are just part of baby becoming boy becoming man.

The fact that I have to coin the term "sorting-out process" indicates how much of what I'm attempting to discuss was just "the way it is" for many years. You didn't discuss "mama's boys" or quitters or hotshots or losers or assholes with guys who *knew* who and what *they* were. You didn't discuss the pecking order. You knew your place. You stuck to being a guy who put his pants on one leg at a time in the morning just like every other guy.

So there were really no words when everything started turning upside down. "Male bonding." I can't think of a guy whose stomach didn't turn over when he heard that one. But there was nothing to answer it with. "Oh, yeah? Well, what do *you* call it, then?" Uh. Hanging out? Shooting the breeze? Going for a beer? Sure didn't sound as...scientific as "Male bonding."

In retrospect it was a perfect bit of archery on the part of the long-delayed (but inevitable) alliance between "mama's boys," quitters, girls, and women. It turned out that they all had the same complaint. Guys were mean. Guys were bullies. Guys *excluded* anyone who wanted to "play" and wasn't a guy. "Male bonding" — and its even *more* stomach-turning psychiatric term: *homo*eroticism — left every guy gasping for air. Bullseye, girls. That one really, really hurt.

Since there was no terminology, it was very hard to make a case. *Why* couldn't others play? The most accurate answer was "he or she doesn't know his or her place," which sounded awful, because someone who didn't know what was meant by it saw it as oppression, clear and simple. In a masculine sense, it was not intended that way. What was meant was: everyone has been sorted out in this particular context of "Us guys." Another guy could come along and as long as he kept his mouth shut while he figured out who was who and what was what, he would do fine. You don't mouth off. You remind yourself that you put your pants on one leg at a time same as all these other guys. If somebody asks you what you do or where you come from, you answer him and then you expect to get

kidded about it — expect the guys to make a joke out of it. Take it with a smile and a self-deprecating remark, and you're on your way to finding your place. Keep your answers short and pay attention. Stand your round if you're drinking. Don't be a know-it-all. Even if you have an encyclopaedic knowledge of what is being discussed, keep it to yourself until you know who is who and what is what. "Mama's boys" are easy to spot because they never shut up and they never care to whom they're mouthing off. Nothing Mother's Little Prince enjoys more than proving he knows more about any given subject than the person he is talking to. He. Doesn't. Know. His. Place.

Next issue: "Mama's Boy" part two.

continued

FROM COVER

to make its contents known.* Over against this accusation it suffices to refer the reader to chapter XIV of this book (especially to § 2) and to single out of all Jewish scholars Professor Wilh. Bacher (who, unfortunately, died Dec. 25, 1913), who, by his publications on the Haggada, has done much to make known one main portion of the contents of the Talmud.

The Talmud (I repeat a statement which I have been solemnly making for many years) *contains no report or utterance which,* assuming, of course, that it is to be found there, *any Christian scholar, who is at home in the language and the subject matter, is not able to find.* As to the gaps, due to censorship in particular, there are scarcely ten rabbis in Germany who possess all the four publications named by me, see page 86 and n. 34, which I possess in my own library. Among the entire body of Jews there is not a single piece of literature or an oral tradition which is inaccessible to learned Christians. The Jews make no efforts whatsoever to conceal anything from the Christians, nor could they if they would. The Talmud, the Shulhan Aruk, and other Jewish literary works are secret books only for those — Jews no less than Christians — who have not acquired the necessary studies for a reading of the original texts nor know anything about the translations that are in existence. For such people, Caesar's *Bellum Gallicum* will be equally a secret book. May this Introduction to the Talmud, also in its fourth issue to the public, help to further a knowledge of truth and thereby also a just judgement.

June 2, 1908

For a number of years it has been regretted in many quarters that my *Introduction to the Talmud* is wholly out of print. In these times, so hard for Germany, it has been my comfort and encouragement that so soon after the Great War, thanks to the aid of clear-sighted men in Frankfort on the Main and in Holland, England and America, I am in a position to let this book go forth again and that too in an entirely new shape. This fact is a proof that German science still lives and is recognized by former enemies. It has been my earnest desire to demonstrate that this recognition is deserved.

In obedience to a desire expressed by many, I have added, in addition to a short chapter on the Tosephta, an Introduction to the Midrashim. In what now forms the first part of the book, I have not only added references to the literature of the last twelve years but also much more besides, by utilizing both my own investigations and those of others. Entirely new is the third Appendix, an alphabetically arranged list of those chapters of the Babylonian Talmud which have Gemara. I am especially indebted for friendly help to Professor Ed. Baneth, Dr. S. Eppenstein, Dr. A. J. Epstein in Berlin, Dr. J. Theodor in Bojanowo; in regard to matters of detail to Professor Ismar Elbogen in Berlin, Dr. Saul Horovitz in Breslau, Professor S. Krauss in Vienna, Professor D. Heinr. Laible in Rotherburg on the Tauber, Professor Alexander Marx in New York and Dr. F. Perles in Königsberg.

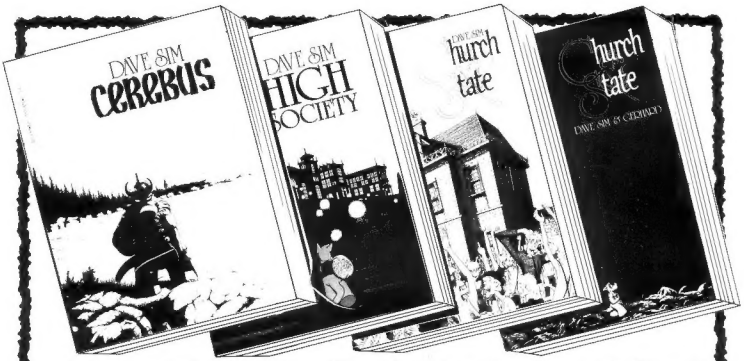
Although, on the sixth of May, I reached the age of seventy-two years, I have not known for myself "an eight-hour day," and for this work in particular, by the side of other duties, I laboriously collected within the last year thousands of single data and strove to shape them into a single work. I am very well aware of the fact that even now, indeed just now, much in this work is in need of supplementation and correction; on the other hand, I am certain that there is not a scholar, even among Jews, who will not be able to learn from it or at least be stimulated in one respect or another. Anyone who will aid by appropriate communications to make this work come nearer and nearer to that degree of perfection which is attainable by man, may be sure of my warmest thanks.

The *Introduction to the Talmud and Midash,* it may be permitted to be mentioned on this occasion, will be followed by a larger work which has been preparing for two decades: *A Commentary on the New Testament,* by Hermann L. Strack and Paul Billerbeck, which it is hoped will begin printing (by the same publishers) this winter.

Berlin-Lichterfelde West
October 18, 1920

* Let me show by one example at least how utterly ridiculous this accusation is. When, in 1912, I proceeded to publish in phototypis reproduction, the only complete Babylonian Talmud in existence, almost all the individual persons who made it possible by subscriptions in advance were Jews.

Last issue's excerpt: Norman Mailer
Armies of the Night



Cerebus (issues 1-25) **$25**

High Society (issues 26-50) **$25**

Church & State I (issues 52-80) **$30**

Church & State II (issues 81-111) **$30**

CEREBUS THE FIRST HALF

Jaka' Story (issues 114-136) **$25**

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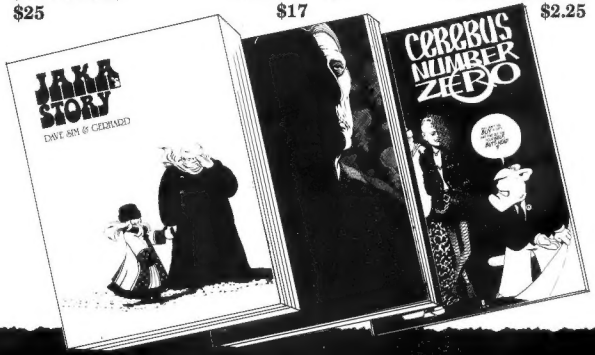

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